THE LILY.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

☞ The following lines were written aad sent us, by one whose locks are whitened by the frost of over three score and ten winters. We are proud to receive encouragement from his gifted pen. The "Sons" will recognize him as one of them, by his signature:

The Lily.

In nature's garden, lovely, fair,
Where fragrant flowers perfumed the air,
In careless mood I chanced to rove,
'Till full immersed in Flora's love.
The virgin Rose, with blushing red,
Its sweet perfume around me shed;
Emblem of zeal, thus to impart
And wake anew the callous heart!
But other flowers with beauty rare,
Were made to grow and flourish there;
In this great family of flowers,
With emblem pure, and latent powers,
The Lily forms the choicest gem;
Rais'd on its high and lofty stem,
As though too pure, to mingle low,
With poison weeds, that near it grow,
Lest its pure white receive a stain,
Not to be purg'd or cleans'd again.
As virtue's sigh, the Lily then,
Apt motto proves for Ladies' pen.
May we not hope that through this choice,
That God will aid the female voice,
With purest love, and virtue strong,
To save poor erring ones from wrong;
To check the evils of mankind,
Where dissipation leads them blind;
For the death-worm about the still
Is sure to poison, sure to kill.
Oh, dash away that poison cup,
That's eating all your vitals up!
Refrain from Cider, Beer and Wine,
That your lost virtue yet may shine,
To bless the whole of after life;
No more to crush the loving wife,
That like the Lily, fair, and white,
Your joys unsullied may be bright.
Ladies, go on, the way is clear,
The "Sons" will give you hearty cheer;
Your welcome aid comes in good time;
The *Hill Reform* is hard to climb;
But your kind words give strength to go,
And shun the course that leads to wo;
Their magic power assuages grief,
And makes afflictions light, and brief.

P. W. P.

CONTENTMENT is not easily obtained.

SELECTED TALE.

THE DRAYMAN;
Or, Wealth versus Worth.

A STORY OF NEW YORK.

BY J. N. T. TUCKER.

Anson Summerton was the son of a wealthy merchant who lived in the city of New York.—He had graduated from a well known university, and had spent three years in one of the best law offices in the city and two years in the city of Boston, having it in view to establish himself in his profession in the latter place, where by the gift of his father and uncle he was in possession of a large property.

Few young men enter upon the responsibilities of life with sounder philosophy, more exemplary habits—or with more correct views of the secret of human happiness, than did the subject of our story. He was moreover a close observer of men and things, and had learned that at least one source of human misery could be traced to the false standards of worth so often found in communities.

He had, during his collegiate course, been a member of a class of society, whose customs had exemplified to his mind an error too often prevalent, in regarding wealth and the distinctions it confers, the passport to honor and usefulness.—He resolved to show, in his case, the folly of it.

On his return from Boston to New York, he was received with every mark of respect and distinction that could have been deserved by the most ambitious mind. At many parties he was welcomed as an honored guest, and flattered by all.

So remarkably prepossessing in personal appearance was he, that he received from his associates, the *sobriquet* of the 'Young Napoleon.'—Nor was there one whose manly beauty better deserved the distinctions this voluntary compliment sought to bestow. His tall, finely formed person—dark and intelligent eye—open and frank countenance—dignified and honorable conduct, gave attraction to him wherever known.

Yet, with far too many, he believed his chief claim to favor in the circles to which he was invited, was his known wealth. This he believed to be the passport which gave him admittance to the high favor he enjoyed among the distinguished heiressess of beauty and fortune, sporting like gay butterflies in every circle in which he moved.

Taking this view of things, he naturally became distrustful—more so, in all probability, than was justifiable. He placed less credit to the account of many who appeared to regard him with more esteem than was due.

CHAPTER II.

Three months from the day on which Summerton entered the joyous circle of home, amid the scenes of his youth, and felt the warm affectionate embrace of his mother, awakening the fond recollections of childhood, he had resolved to leave that endeared place, to all appearance, and to spend some time abroad. Yet he never left the city. Not a day passed on which he did not see the familiar faces of his friends.

The fine broadcloth and gold appendages of wealth had been exchanged for the coarse frock and pants, with the glazed cap of a Drayman—the finished carriage was exchanged for a good cart; and thus furnished he hired lodgings in a good house in a retired street, and prepared for adventure.

Day after day saw him driving quietly through the streets, none of his old associates recognizing him or dreaming that the merry whistle of the driver, who playfully cracked his whip over the ears of a fine French horse was the son of a millionaire, and himself worth half a million.

His exactness in all things—his faithful attention to his business soon gained him a large share of confidence among the merchants, and he soon added several teams to his own.

The familiar name of 'Bob,' which he assumed was as notorious in a few months as the ambition of a Drayman could desire. Nor was the field of his labors or his popularity alone confined to his business.

The superior advantages his education gave him, especially in law, soon offered him frequent opportunities for improving and benefitting his fellow laborers. In several instances he volunteered his services in settling difficulties which had arisen between them—always advising settlements rather than litigation. He thus acquired influence over them, which he afterwards made very servicable to the political party to which he was attached, much to his gratification.

Among the mercantile houses for which he did business in his line, was the firm of Bouting & Co.—the senior partner of which was one of the wealthiest merchants in the city.

During the three months he had spent in *propria personæ*, he had become acquainted with Helen Bouting, the youngest, and, he thought, lovely and highly accomplished daughter of the merchant. Her beauty, no less than her intelligence charmed him, yet, so distrustful had he become, that he feared, lest, should he avow his attachment to her, a choice might be made on her part, more governed by the advantages his wealth gave him, than by a sincere regard for himself. He was therefore not a little pleased with the success which secured him the favor and patronage of Bouting & Co.

'That is a remarkably intelligent and fine fellow,' said Bouting one day to his partner, as our cartman had left the store after receiving his pay for a job, and had spoken at some length on the political aspects of the day.

'Yes,' replied his partner, a young man and a secret aspirant for the hand of Helen: 'I wen-

der that so intelligent a young man should seek no higher calling.'

The surprise of each was increased when a few days afterward, Summerton stood upon his cart in the street opposite Bouting & Co.'s store, and addressed several hundred laborers, who had assembled to hear him on the duty of each at the polls, then soon to be opened.

CHAPTER III.

Driving through Ann street, one day, just at evening, Summerton saw a carriage driven by a small colored lad, on the back seat of which sat a richly dressed young woman. As he approached he discovered her to be no other than the beautiful Helen Bouting. His eye had scarcely detected the fair object of his secret devotions, ere the horse started, by the attack of a furious dog, and capsized the carriage, throwing the lady upon the ground, and striking her head violently upon the pavement. The fall completely stunned her, while the horse dashed through the streets, utterly demolishing the carriage, although not materially injuring the boy, who started in pursuit of the horse—the animal having ran toward home.

Mr. Bouting who was standing on the steps of his store, was greatly alarmed at seeing his horse return with great speed to his stable without the carriage. He immediately started in pursuit, following the course from whence the horse had come. He had proceeded but a few rods, before he met 'Bob,' the drayman, supporting the insensible girl in a cab, which happened to be passing, and which he had employed to convey her home.

Mr. Bouting showered a profusion of thanks and compliments upon Summerton, for his attentions, and then took his seat beside his daughter, who soon revived. A surgeon was called in immediately after her arrival home, who pronounced her in no danger, though severely bruised.

'To whom am I indebted for my safe return after such a dreadful fall!' said Helen.

'To this generous drayman,' replied her father.

Helen was abour to bestow upon him her acknowledgements, when he interrupted her by saying:

'I have done no more than a just regard for the welfare of a fellow being required of me—especially on behalf of an unprotected lady.'

This remark was made with so easy and graceful an air, and with so melodious a voice, that Helen started with an expression of interest which attracted both the notice of her father and the drayman.

Fearing he might be discovered, the latter politely bowed to retire, saying only a word. He was kindly invited, however, to call again.

The next morning he did call again, and heard with pleasure that the wounds of Helen were not likely for a long time, to confine her to her room. Again, during their conversation, his quick eye detected the embarrassment her seeming recognition of his voice gave her, and he withdrew.

In going out of the room, he accidentally dropped a copy of one of the daily papers from his pocket. On noticing it Helen desired it to be handed her. In the perusal of it, Helen saw a notice of a meeting to be held the following evening, to be addressed by 'Yankee Bob.' This paper she showed her father, and expressed the desire if her health would permit, to accompany him to the meeting, as it was designed for ladies and gentlemen.

Long before the time of meeting on the evening noticed, the Hall was well filled, and many were compelled to go away without hearing the address—from those who did hear it, the most enthusiastic applause was elicited. All sat with deep interest as the speaker, standing in his laboring dress, portrayed the condition of the nation, and appealed to his fellow laborers to stand forth in defence of the government, and for the honor of the country.

It was evident to all, as the speaker took his seat, that more than a common mind had addressed them, although no one dreamed of the identity.

'That is the most remarkable man I ever saw,' said Mr. Bouting, as he sat in the carriage with his daughter on their way home. 'What most suprises me is, that one in his employment should be so well educated, and possess so general a knowledge of the affairs of the country? Any man might feel proud of such a son,'

'How would you like him as a son-in-law?' playfully said Helen.

Not dreaming that such a thing ever would be, he replied:

'I would prefer him before a prince. He is truly a *nobleman*, and would be an acquisition for any lady.'

'I more than half think so,' said Helen. 'But he would hardly obtain the consent of my father, I imagine, to the hand of his daughter, were he to ask it,' she said, laughing gaily.

'Let him try'—said Mr. Bouting, as the carriage drove up to the door.

The next morning after the meeting, Summerton appeared as usual at his post, as if nothing had occurred. His eye sparkled with delight as he listened to the encomiums of his fellow laborerer. He knew that what they said came from honest hearts. There was with them no sycophancy. They neither expected nor desired office, and what opinions they expressed were sincere.

There was one who addressed him in highly complimentary terms, to whom he listened with interest it required caution to conceal—it was Mr. Bouting.

Summerton was a friend of the hero of North Bend—so also was the merchant, who was gratified that the drayman, whose peculiar talent he admired, was of the same party with himself.—He did not doubt, the drayman, who had acquired as he supposed, considerable money in his business, and was able, even now, to live without personal labor, would become a man of distinction. Novelty lent her charms to the case, and Mr. Bouting was certainly in love with Summerton.

After a brief conversation, Mr. Bouting again invited him to call at his house.

He called in the evening, but found the merchant absent. This event was not much regretted by Summerton or Helen. It was an opportunity each had secretly desired, although neither had expressed it.

The evening passed pleasantly away. Helen was no less delighted than surprised at the superior intelligence of her humble visitor. She felt herself in the presence of one of superior quality; whose mind was highly cultivated, and who would be an honor to society. Helen Bouting probably saw this sooner than most other young ladies would have done. Her own feelings consulted, and there would not be so wide differences among different castes in society.

'No,' said she, 'although that mind and heart are possessed by an humble laborer, I would not reject them for the prince of an hundred realms. Who would not be happy with such a husband?'

Before leaving Helen on the evening in question, Summerton had offered her his 'hand and fortunes great and small!'

Did she accept the offer? she surely did not reject it—but first referred the gentleman to her father.

'Think you,' inquired the lover, 'my dear Helen, that the time shall never come when you will regret the step you have taken? or consent to take on certain conditions? Is your mind so thoroughly fortified against the senseless distinctions of society, that you will suffer no regrets or mortifications on having a drayman to present to your fashionable friends?'

'I would not marry a *Dray*,' replied Helen—'but I should think it an honor to wed an intelligent, estimable man, who, by his own exertions is capable of commanding respect.'

'I am certainly happy in the estimation in which I have the honor to be held by a being for whom I have ——— no less admiration than she expresses for me.'

'I am happy, sir,' said Helen, 'to find one, whatever his position in society, in whom is ... that is congenial to my own feelings in refe... to society. I am not aware that all which is ... ally desirable and honorable in life, may not ... associated with one occupation as another. ... have ever looked upon all factitious distinctions ... life as inferior to those who create them, as ... those who are brought down by them.'

'You will not, I trust, be disappointed, Helen,' said Summerton, 'and now that I have more than satisfied my mind in regard to your real views of character and worth—however proud one might be in gaining the hand of a lady apparently wealthy and far above him in condition or circumstances—yet I have quite as much pleasure in assuring you that I have not only the honor (as the world call it) of a liberal education, but of abundant wealth for all ordinary contingencies. I have also a profession in which I expect to devote my life. And if Miss Helen will pardon the deception thus far, and assist me to continue it a short time longer, I will inform her, that 'Yankee Bob,' is her neighbor Anson Summerton, of the family of James Summerton, N. York.'

'And but for the evidences your own life have given me of inherit worth, I should feel less pleased than grieved at this announcement. One half the novelty which charms, is gone.'

'It will please me,' said Summerton, 'if the secret of my identity be kept to yourself until after I shall have introduced the subject of our interview to your father.'

'With all my heart,' replied Helen.

In due time Summerton called on the merchant. He found him alone, in his counting room.

'What are the prospects of the election of Harrison?' inquired the latter; adding: 'I think you must know, 'Bob,' as well as any man—you appear to understand matters of that sort pretty correctly.'

'My opinion is, the election of the General is certain. And I could wish I were as sure of consummating an object of great importance to me, as he is of occupying the White House.'

'Ah! what object have you in contemplation? not after a wife, Bob?' said Mr. Bouting, jocosely.

'Indeed I am, sir,' he replied, and I know of no *third* person more interested in the matter than yourself.'

'And you shall find no one more happy in doing you a favor.' responded the merchant.

'I have no reason to doubt you, sir. Allow me therefore to inform you, the person whose admirable qualities have won my heart, and whom I would marry with your consent is, Helen Bouting.'

'How! what! Helen, my daughter! Indeed, Bob, this is quite unexpected. I had not a dream of it! you surprise me!'

'And perhaps displease you, too?'

'No, I cannot say that, exactly—but—then—I—I—am taken quite by surprise—really—I—I—wish time to think of it.'

'Certainly, sir,' replied Summerton, 'a matter of such importance—and where the destinies of those we love are involved—where the fate of life is concerned, men should not act hastily. I wish you to act with all the responsibility your relation requires.'

'But your acquaintance with Helen must be quite limited I should think—and are you sure of her acquiescence?' said Mr. Bouting.

'I have enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance for a sufficient time to satisfy me fully—and I think my suit will not be rejected by her.'

For a few moments Mr. Bouting remained silent and thoughtful, during which time Summerton watched the marks of his feelings with interest, determined before he relieved his mind of any doubts of the propriety of the union, to ascertain his views.

At length the silence was broken by Bouting who said:

'Bob, I have a high regard for you on ... accounts—and I am frank in confessing that I ... lieve you in every way worthy of such an ... lent wife as Helen will be to any man ... her affections. But, I fear Helen nor ...

counted the cost of the matter. Reared as ... been, in affluence and fashion—surrounded by the rich and gay—I really fear that, should ... continue in your present employment, she as well as yourself, will find many obstructions to your happiness, which may not now be regarded.'

'Then you consider wealth and fashion—with the distinction they give—all essential to favor and happiness, do you?' inquired Summerton.

'No—not exactly,' answered Bouting—'yet as society now is, almost so.'

'However that may be,' replied Summerton, 'I am resolved, that my life shall be one exception at least. And I think you will admit I have made no unenviable beginning. I have no fears that, with a proper regard for my own character, I shall not command all the respect and consideration necessary to happiness—or necessary to the happiness of my wife, if I am so fortunate as to get one.'

'Do not say it, Bob; it is impossible. Certainly your own good sense—your sense of honor is too correct to permit you to think of reducing such a being as Helen to the position you speak of,' remarked Bouting with emotion.

'I have yet to learn that there is any disgrace in labor. You do not admit it in practice, Mr. Bouting. True, yours is different from mine—but no less honorable—for no less honest or lucrative. The man who works out his own prosperity by his own head and hands, is, in my opinion, far better entitled to respect than the useless cypher in community, who consumes what fortune has bestowed upon him, while despising honorable industry.'

'That is all true, Bob,—but then we cannot change the customs of society, you know.'

'We may not be able at once to *change* society, but we can do much towards rectifying existing evils by our own example, and where there is conscious merit, there will be means of happiness and usefulness. Besides, a man's object in life, should not be the distinctions which are conferred by mere lovers of fashion. He should have a higher aim. He should seek to elevate all—and to assimulate to such as he seeks to elevate, where he can succeed in no other way.'

'I must confess, Bob, I am down in argument. your views are in theory correct.'

'Then I should be false to myself and the world, not to act accordingly.'

'That is true. But, have you property sufficient to enable you to carry out your principles, and maintain your position? Much depends on that.'

'All is uncertain, Mr. Bouting; riches are quite as uncertain as poverty. But so far as wealth is concerned, I am happy in being able to assure you I have abundance for all common contingencies.' Summerton upon saying this, rose to depart.

Mr. Bouting called him back—a new idea seemed to have entered his mind and he inquired:

'How would it suit you to become a partner in my business?'

'I should have no objections to investing a few thousand dollars in profitable business, nor to being employed in business with yourself—but not as a condition of respect. I cannot consent to an endorsement of the doctrine that one kind of honest employment is more honorable than another. But as I have a few thousand dollars not in immediate use, if you can invest it to advantage, it is at your service.'

'How much can you spare, Bob?' said Mr. Bouting.

'Fifteen or twenty thousand I think;' replied Summerton.

Mr. Bouting appeared greatly surprised at this amount of wealth, as he had been pleased with his views—and resumed.

'You certainly must have been very successful in business.'

'Yes, very. But I suppose many people would think it a miracle that a drayman should either be wealthy or intelligent.'

'There is one honorable exception, surely,' said the merchant.

Not wishing to remain longer, Summerton arose to depart, still leaving the merchant ignorant of his real name, remarking as he did so:

"I am to understand, Mr. Bouting, that my advances toward your daughter would be disagreeable to you?"

"No sir, I cannot say that. I confess I was taken by surprise. But I own I am pleased with you, and do not doubt you will be all that could be desired. If Helen loves you, I shall not oppose you. I have resolved never to interfere, authoratively in the choice of her husband. But, it will gratify me, if I may know a little more of your history, and your real name."

"With pleasure, sir. My name is Anson Summerton! my history, until I became a Drayman you know—since then you as well know it."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Bouting.

"See then," said Summerton, removing his wig, and false whiskers.

"Ha, ha, ha! well this is the best joke of the season, upon my word."

"Mr. Summerton. But what motives have you in this course?"

Summerton briefly related the circumstances, narrated in previous parts of this story, much to the gratification of his interested listener.

What followed may be easily inferred. The marriage of 'Yankee Bob,' alias Esq. Summerton, was a happy occasion.

His return to his family and to his profession was considered by all except Helen and her father, as his return from abroad.

He is now one of the most successful members of the Bar. Helen is esteemed by a wide circle of true friends.

The acquaintance with human nature, derived during his *draymanship*, is esteemed by Summerton as the most profitable portion of his education—it has been of great service to him during his professional career, and many poor men have had occasion to rejoice in his friendship.

Written for the Lily.

The Nebuler Theory.

SECTION II.

THE LAW OF GRAVITATION IMPRESSED.

The first law established in matter, and upon which all others hang, was gravitation. This was not impressed upon one particle, alone, but upon every atom, from the centre to the vast boundary of creation. The result was, that two particles nearest each other united, these in conjunction doubling their force, attracted the third, fourth particles, &c., the accumulation increasing in exact ratio to the increased force of gravitation.

MAGNETISM.

But we must stop here, and introduce another agent which commenced operation—the moment the first two particles were brought in contact.—And this is Magnetism, which in conjunction with heat, we previously remarked as being powerfully felt in nature. Philosophy teaches us that caloric is diffused among all bodies; consequently, with the electric fluid, came into being with other matter, and being equally diffused was held in equilibrium; but the moment two particles were brought in contact by gravitation, the equilibrium was destroyed, and caloric concentrated in the assembling mass. This being a subtle agent, embraced the centre of the accumulation, and increased in intensity, in a ratio corresponding to the increased additions of surrounding matter!—The result of this concentration of caloric, at the centre of the body, served to put in motion that other force, known as Magnetism, a substance seemingly having no gravitating power, but governed by its own invariable laws, impressed, to operate harmoniously with gravitation, and give stability and *motion* to those bodies in which it is found.

Now it is shown by experiment, that if there be introduced into a hollow globe, four inches in diameter, a heated ball, electricity is excited, which begins to traverse the globe, making an equator and spirally passing off at each end, at equal distances from the equator, and radiating its force to surrounding substances, from these artificial poles. This motion of the electricity, if passing from east to west, will bring the globe into motion, from west to east, and if so suspended as to move without friction, will continue to rotate upon its axis so long as the ball in the centre retains its caloric to excite the magnetic current.—This experiment is but a minature representation of the combined powers caloric, Magnetism, and gravitation, as exhibited in the original universe. The internal heat that was caused by the union of the first two particles of matter, excited the current of electricity around those particles, and consequently a rotation commenced in a counter direction, and continued to increase until the whole fabric that now composes the universe was united in one *grand globe*, and spun upon its axis in the *centre* of infinite space.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

Having now shown, upon philosophical principles, the formation of a globe, and the commencement of motion, it remains to show how this same motion produced from *one*, "the Heaven of Heavens," or the innumerable hosts, that people the sky, and especially the formation of the solar system the Planets and their Satellites.

Here we enter upon a new phase of the subject. It seems difficult to account for the infinite division of matter into systems, suns, and worlds, that now sparkle through the concave of heaven, by the operation of motion alone, but this we hope to make plain before we leave it.

Motion in a *straight line* is not natural to matter, we might say that it is impossible, independantly, to produce. The swiftest ball from the rifle, the shooting of a meteor, or the progress of a comet through the heavens, all are sufficient testimony against the attempt to produce motion in a straight line. Motion in a circle is natural. We saw that it was consequent, upon the existence of heat, electricity and gravitation, acting in concert. Now this circular motion has its law, as invariable as any law in the universe, and *that is*, a disposition to *counteract* gravitation, the latter tending to draw all particles to the centre, the former tending to throw those particles from the centre; and if operating sufficiently powerful, will *overcome* gravitation, and scatter that which was once concentrated. If, for instance, we pass a thread through a drop of oil, and cause it to twirl with great velocity in one direction, the oil will at first assume the shape of a wheel instead of a sphere, continuing to flatten at the poles, in the line of the thread, until the oil leaves the centre and there is formed a ring revolving around the thread; but presently breaking into parts; each part immediately assumes the sperical form, and commences to revolve around the largest globe. Thus we have a representation of the formation of worlds.

The motion given upon the accumulated matter of the universe, by a current of electricity traversing its equator and spirally passing off at its poles, may have indeed been slow, but its energy increasing as it lessens in bulk, by radiation, and contraction, soon acquires velocity sufficient to make an impression upon the, as yet, easily moved particles. The centrifugal force engendered by the motion, tends to bring the largest amount of matter into the vicinity of the equator, consequently a flattening of the poles takes place. This process continues, the poles gradually approaching each other, until the matter is so far drawn away from the centre, that the whole assumes the form of a ring, well balanced but continuing to widen, when lo! the whole mass breaks into a thousand pieces!

What then! each piece immediately assumes its own centre around which to gather, and presently we have the phenomena of as many worlds as fragments of the First's destruction! Each instinct with the same life, commanded by the same force that wrought upon the whole in union! The smaller spheres by the laws of gravitation are made to revolve around the larger, and thus commences the GRAND PANORAMA of the Heavenly Bodies!

Written for the Lily.

John B. Gough and his Father.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

Deacon Grant the distinguished philanthropist gave the writer an introduction to the young man eloquent, (whose name caps this communication,) at a mass temperance meeting in the old cradle of liberty, in the Athens of America. Mr. Gough was tired and travelworn, and appeared dull and sleepy, until he responded to an invitation to address the immense audience convened to hear him, and others, advocate the claims of the total abstinence enterprise. When his name was announced, he arose rather awkwardly, and walked leisurely towards the foot lights on the platform, with his hands folded behind him, and commenced speaking slowly and in a low tone of voice.—In a few moments, however, the lightning began to flash from his eyes, and the thunder of eloquence to peal from his tongue, and his countenance glowed with the inspiration of his own ideality, whilst his thoughts, clad in simple Saxon, fell on the eager ears and found their way to the willing hearts of his hearers. His out-bursts of pathos—his inimitable humor—his thrilling appeals—his heart-quaking facts, and his pungent wit, excited the astonishment and admiration of delighted listeners. It was one of his happiest efforts, and was driven home to the feelings with such force as to make a life-lasting impression upon the memory. The writer has been frequently with him since that time, at home and abroad, in private and in public, and wishes now to furnish the readers of the "Lily" with a remarkable coincidence connected with the history of this popular speaker. He came from England to this country when quite young. Not liking the treatment he received from the hands of his guardians, he left them to seek his fortune in the great Babylon of America. He apprenticed himself to the book-binding business and became an expert workman. Before the expiration of his service term, his mother and sister came to New York, and they all lived together, until the death of his mother broke up the little family group. His father refused to cross the Atlantic, because he could not afford to sacrifice the pension he was entitled to, for services as a soldier.

Mr. Gough's sister married a man who became intemperate, but who afterwards signed the pledge at one of Mr. G.'s meetings, and is now living happily with his wife in Rhode Island. John renounced his religious professions, and became a wandering drundard—now singing at concerts—then strutting and spouting on the stage—then telling stories for the amusement of pot companions in a low tavern—then playing tom fool for the gratification of fellow firemen, in an engine house, &c., to the end of the chapter.

After the death of his wife, a kind hearted man invited him to attend a temperance meeting at Worcester. At the close of the services he came forward, clad in rags and sadly disfigured by intemperance, and appended his signature to the total abstinence pledge. Two or three addle pated young drinking dandies present, commenced laughing at him. "What are you laughing at," he inquired, "I have seen the time when I was as well dressed as you are, and had as much money to spend as you have. Intemperance has made me a bankrupt in health, fortune, and character." He then related his experience, whilst the tears rolled like rain down his swollen face, and the whole audience was apparently bathed in tears. That night the discovery was made that Mr. Gough was a natural orator. He received calls from every quarter. The elite and literati—the upper ten, and the unwashed—the patricians, and the plebians, thronged to his meetings.—Whilst at Philadelphia, an English traveler who had left a lovely wife and two beautiful children, and had himself been banished from the best circles of society in London by intemperance, attended Mr. Gough's meetings and signed the pledge. Mr. G. made this reduced—literary lion a present of money, with which he bought a suit of clothes. He then accompanied Mr. Gough to Boston. Soon after his arrival he wrote an article for the Atlas, which attracted the attention, and was the admiration of the publishers and the public. His literary labors were in great demand, and he was richly compensated for his services. He wrote the "Pen and Ink Sketches," the "Loiterings in, and around Boston," and other works which have had a wide circulation. When this eminent writer was about to leave America, and return to England, he remarked to Mr. Gough, "I am indebted to you for all I have received here. What can I do for you in England." Mr. Gough desired him to make some inquiries about his father, from whom he had not heard for eight years, and whom he supposed was dead.—This gentleman (Mr. Ross) went to England and found old Mr. Gough in the land of the living.—Then commenced a correspondence between Mr. G. and his venerable father, which terminated a few weeks ago, when the old man crossed the sea and met his son in the city of Boston. The coincidence is this, Mr. G. was the instrument in the hand of Providence of restoring Mr. Ross to his wife and children, and Mr. Ross sent a father to Mr. Gough. The old gentleman married again after his wife died in New York. Since that time he has buried his second wife. He brought with him a smart little son about six years of age. John B. Gough has purchased a small farm on which he is erecting a beautiful dwelling house; in the meantime his father is boarding hard by, where John and his amiable lady "make themselves at home."

Written for the Lily.

Memories of an Old Man.

Silvery white are the locks of hair that cluster around my head, and on my furrowed brow Time has placed his signet. For many years, almost to the allotted period of human life have my footsteps trod the earth. To me the Future hath but little more to offer, and quietly I await the approach of the Angel of Death summoning me to join that train which sweeps along. Another day's busy cares have ended, and Night's grey mantle enwraps the world. It is an hour for thought—the Past, with its pale mournful face rises before me, and with it also comes the remembrance of hours serene and bright, flashing across my mind with a conviction of immortality intensely beautiful. Link after link is unbound from the chain of life, and before me stand, as erst they stood, clad in the holiness of love and truth, the long departed. Memory takes me by the hand, leading me backwards through the long flight of years, and over life's stormy waves, and places me again a child at my mother's knee—a glad, light-hearted child, with childhood's trusting heart. I see our low-roofed cottage with its vine-clad walls, and the sound of the home voices make sweet music around its hearth stone. I feel the pressure of a hand upon my head, and the soft love tones of a *mother's* voice, come stealing on my ear, how sweet none may ever know until they are hushed for ever. Again, I chase the wild bee over the flowery meadow, or launch my light bark on the clear blue waters of the shining river, and listen to the sweet song its waves are ever singing. Many a time has that river song blended with my dreams, but never in my waking hours have its tones sounded to me the same as when I was a boy. Perhaps it is because time has dispelled a beautiful fancy I used to have when I listened to its clear ringing waters, and thought the river-spirits were laughing and singing down in its blue depths, and what a glorious life they must be leading. But coming years dispelled these fancies, as they do many bright dreams which children weave—bright, because so fleeting. Fair and beautiful were those hours to me, but their light soon faded into the sternness of advancing years, and although it is a weary time since then, and the mists of life have gathered thickly on memory's glass, yet through it, those hours gleam brightly.

As a man, my dreams of life were ever-changing and various, and its boundless [illegible] tinged with Fancy's golden hue. Indistinct ions of something great and glorious flitted before me, wild imaginings filled my mind, and a [illegible] for the unattained entered my soul. Eagerly I pressed forward, crushing beneath my feet simple flowers, that might have bloomed in beauty, shedding fragrance around my way. One worldly path after another have I trod, and listened to the voice of many a charmer. Ambition called me forward, Fame presented her charmed cup, and Love wreathed a garland for my brow, but the draught from Fame's chalice was often bitter, and many of the flowers in Love's wreath faded. And where are all those who commenced treading with me, the world's path, when life was young, and its promises bright and glowing? Alas! over all, Time has cast his withering change; few are left me now with whom I sported in earlier hours, and the idols that my heart made have fallen around me; and it is right that it should be so, else might the Old Man's heart cling too closely still to earth, and his hopes of heaven be fewer. And now, would I say to all who labor here on earth, waiting for the harvest, go not so far from the right path, thou seeker for happiness, but be content to distil enjoyment from the daily things of life. Let thy impulses be great and God-like—love truth and goodness—search for the right in all things, and keep a firm, high, and cheerful heart, relying on God's promises.

"Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever."

For the Lily.

The Temperance Pledge.

Is it not to be feared that the potent influence of the Pledge, in the work of advancing the success of the Temperance cause is, in these days, too much overlooked? I have frequently attended Temperance meetings within the past year or two, where no mention was made of the Pledge—where it was neither read or signatures asked for. To my mind, no Temperance meeting is ready for adjournment, until all have had an opportunity to affix their names to the pledge of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate. Officers of Temperance meetings, lecturers and speakers should see to it, that this duty is never neglected.

It will seldom—very seldom happen, that no new name can be obtained to the Pledge. There is always good done by the holding of meetings to discuss this all-important subject, and rare, very rare, will be the cases when that good shall not be the means of leading some one to enroll his name among the pledged friends of sobriety.—But, even if no new signature should be obtained, still we shall enjoy the reflection that our duty, in this respect, has been discharged—a reflection which we cannot enjoy if it be omitted.

The temperance pledge is the great law to turn men from the paths of Intemperance. How vast is the good it has accomplished. The greatest generals of ancient or modern times can not boast of such brilliant triumphs, such glorious victories, such never fading honors! And what is still more glorious, all its achievements have redounded to the happiness and promoted the welfare of the human race. Cast it not then aside, but let it ever be regarded as a chosen, a cherished weapon in the hands of temperance men, in carrying on our warfare against the monster Alcohol.

A. C.

Feb. 20, 1849.

Love and Lucifers.—A hard-hearted father in Leinster, England, refuses to allow a young man to marry his daughter unless he sells a certain number of boxes of matches in the public streets; and the inamorata, with lavender-colored gloves, is actually carrying about the matches in a carpet bag and endeavoring to sell them. He and his man were arrested on a charge of obstructing the highway by crowds.

"Unceasing toil" is said to conquer all things. We have known it to conquer life itself.

THE LILY.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1849.

A. W. Hewitt

Of Penn Yan, is our authorized Agent to obtain subscriptions and collect monies for the LILY.—We commend him to the confidence of the public.

The Friends of Temperance,

Are earnestly solicited to aid in extending the circulation of the LILY. We have not yet received subscribers enough to pay the expense of publication for the year, and we would invite all who deem our paper worthy of support to aid us in increasing our list. The paper will be published for the entire year, even though it be at a loss to the publishers.

By our terms which will be found on the last page, we offer inducements for the formation of clubs. We will also pay agents liberally for their services. Are there not those in each vicinity where our paper is now circulated, who will take an interest in procuring subscribers? Friends of the cause, we ask your aid.

All communications should be addressed, Publishers of the Lily, Seneca Falls.

Woman's work in the Temperance Cause.

That woman has reason to feel deeply on the subject of Intemperance all must admit. It strikes directly at her happiness, and peace of mind. If she keep herself unpolluted from the touch of the foul destroyer, still its evils assail her not the less surely, or the less fatally. Deep are the feelings of love, and affection, implanted in her breast, and how often, and how cruelly, are these lacerated and rendered the source of intense misery, by witnessing the terrible consequences which flow from the use of intoxicating drinks! How often is her heart made to bleed over the ruin of her fondest hopes! She sees those whom she loves more than life itself, ruined in body and soul—their peace destroyed—their hopes blasted, and their bodies consigned to a drundards grave. Upon her too, these evils fall even more directly.—Poverty and wretchedness—a broken heart and a desolate house—beggared offspring and a ruined character—these, all these are the bequests Intemperance makes to woman!

And can she—shall she sit idle, and permit this terrible evil thus to inflict upon her its cruel visitings, and do nothing to stay its pregress? No! she cannot—she should not. She is called upon as she loves her own peace of mind—as she loves the happiness of these with whom she is connected in life, to come forth and do what she may to banish the evils of intemperauce from the land.—We have long felt this to be her duty. We have long felt that woman was called upon to act, and act efficiently in the work of advancing the great temperance cause. Indeed, we think there are few who will deny, that woman has a work to do in this matter. But how is that work to be done? How shall she act in such a manner as to produce the much desired result, of banishing entirely the use of strong drink from society?

We propose briefly to answer this enquiry, and show some of the modes by which woman can promote the temperance cause.

She must adhere strictly to the rules of total abstinence herself. This is the starting point.—No one can do any thing effectually in promoting temperance unless their own life corresponds with their professions. And she should make manifest her principles of total abstinence by affiixing her name to the Pledge—as then her example will be more likely to be known and followed. She may do much—very much, by instilling into the minds of her children the principles of temperance. From the time their tender minds are capable of comprehending the lessons taught, it should be her study, by depicting to them the horrors of intemperance, to imprint upon their hearts a perfect hatred of all that can intoxicate, and a love of the principles of temperance. She should adopt as her own the language of the poet, and say

"Oh! if there is one law above the rest,
Written in wisdom,—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unwrit tablet of a child,
Tis *temperance*,—tis abstinence entire
From alcoholic poison."

She must at all times, and in all places, give her influence in favor of total abstinence. To furnish intoxicating drinks as an article of entertainment to others, is an act unbecoming and unworthy of a friend of temperance. We should banish the destroyer from our dwellings, and should use our influence in all possible ways to induce others to do likewise. A word, or a look from woman, may, and has had an influence to save many from a drunkard's grave.

She should give her countenance to all proper and honest efforts to advance the temperance cause. This she can do by attending temperance meetings, and thus by her presence and approval, excite others to action; and by reading, and disseminating sound temperance literature throughout the community, and assisting others in doing a similar work.

She should strive to alleviate the sorrows of those who are suffering from the evils of intemperance. Often then will she have the power to lead its victims back to the paths of sobriety and virtue, and to bind up the wounds of the afflicted, and broken hearted. This surely is a work which woman can best perform, and in it most certainly succeed.

She ought to discountenance in all proper ways the unholy traffic in intoxicating liquors. The pledge adopted by the Ladies' Society of this village contains this principle, and is, we think, well worthy of approval. We are satisfied that the friends of temperance must, if they would act consistently, take this stand, and maintain it, and it becomes our sex to do their part in carrying out this principle. And in this connection we would add, that to associate with, or to permit those to become our associates, who are in the habit of using strong drink, is in a high degree unworthy (where such associations can be avoided) of the professed friends of temperance. If we would refuse all such associations, and cultivate only the society of the virtuous and good, then should we show forth to the world that our practice does not belie our profession.

Finally—we recommend the formation of Female Temperance societies. We believe they may be the means of doing much good. With us, as with men, more may be done by combined effort than singly; and we can thus make our influence more surely felt. We believe such associations may be conducted in a manner becoming the retiring modesty of our sex—without noise or parade, and in accordance with the strictest rules of propriety.

"The influence we exert in community is not like the noisy bubbling brooklet, whose source is merely the pool formed by the summer shower: but like the quiet course of a deeper stream,

Which ever hath a peaceful, silent flow."

We have thus sketched some of the ways in which woman can work in the temperance cause. We commend these thoughts to the consideration of our readers, and especially to those of our own sex. We hope that from them they may gather some hints to guide them in their labors, if not arouse one, and all, to generous and unceasing labor, in the great work of Temperance Reform.

"The way to be temperate, and the reason why the cause does not succeed better."

We agree with our correspondent who writes under this head, in some things, and in others we do not. We have not much faith in moral suasion for the rumseller; if there was any virtue in that, he would have quit his murderous work long ago. If the pleadings of heart-broken wives and destitute children can make no impression upon him—if the sight of his wretched and ruined victims cannot move him—if the full knowledge of all the poverty, crime, misery and death, which he causes, does not induce him to turn from his wickedness, what can be done by further moral suasion? He sins not ignorantly, nor with his eyes closed. You can tell him nothing of the awfulness of his business, which he does not already know, and yet his wretched, dying victims are multiplying around us. We would, that they *could be moved* by moral suasion! If such a thing were possible, they would be at once surrounded by ten thousand times ten thousand fond wives and loving children—wives imploring them to spare their husbands—children begging for the lives of their fathers—mothers pleading for their children, and friend pleading for friend. All this has already been done, and has it been heeded? No! The tears and prayers of fond wives have fallen upon callous hearts; and while they have been cruelly driven from the door of the destroyer, he has taken from the drunken husband the means necessary to keep his wretched family from starvation, and nakedness. Those who could be moved by the sorrows of their victims, have quit the deadly work. Those who continue it against the remonstrances of a large majority of the people, and in the face of all the misery they are causing around them, can in our opinion never be reached by "moral suasion." It is not so easy to "lead and turn" them, as our correspondent seems to suppose; and we shall labor more to convince the *consumer* and the *supporter* of this traffic, than the vender.

We agree with him better in his second position. We believe the cause of temperance to be the cause of God, and it surely becomes all who believe in the teachings of God's word, to preach and to pray, that this dreadful evil may be removed. But they do it not. The christian church fails to do its whole duty in this matter. And here lies the difficulty. It has long been cause of complaint among the true friends of temper-

ance, that there are so many professing christians who will not aid them with their presence, and their prayers. And we think this may be a reason why the cause does not succeed better.

If christians would do their duty in this matter, others would have nothing to do. But if they will not lend their countenance and prayers to so good a cause, it must be carried on by those whom they are pleased to call unrighteous, but who, by their actions, live nearer the life of a a christian, than many who profess to be such.

But the writer mistakes if he thinks the work is carried on without prayer. It is not so. Deep, earnest, heartfelt prayer, is offered up to the God of heaven for aid to prosecute this laudable work. Many of the most exemplary christians we know, and many more of whom we have heard much good, are heartily engaged, both with their prayers, and by their labors in endeavoring to eradicate this evil from the land, and to restore peace and comfort to the destitute and dying.

Our friend (for a friend we believe him to be) may think we speak plainly, but we speak truth, nevertheless, and we trust he will pardon our well meant remarks.

New Year's Calls.

We are told that our remarks, under this head, in our last number, have given offence in some quarters, and that we are censured very severely for having made them. Now, while we do not regret having said what we did, or wish to recall one word, yet we are sorry that what we said with good intent should be matter of offence to any one.

We were told that there were some in our village who did on new year's day, serve wine to those who called upon them. We did not know, the exact number, neither did we know, or take any pains to learn, who they were. Our remarks were not made with reference to our own village alone, but were intended for all to whom they might apply. It seems, however, that the coat set so closely in some quarters as to cause uneasiness, and we are censured for having got so good a fit.

We are happy to know that the ladies whom we had supposed to be the offending ones, are guiltless. The ones hit we had never thought of, and if they had kept their own counsel, we should never have been the wiser. Again we say those remarks were made in kindness, and without a wish to wound the feelings of any one.

☞ The friends of Temperance in this village have been holding weekly meetings through the winter. Discussions have taken the place of set speeches, and altogether the meetings have been more than usually interesting. Petitions are in circulation here, as elsewhere for the entire prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, as a beverage. These petitions may, as heretofore, be disregarded, but the time is coming when they will be heard and heeded.

INTEMPERANCE makes men wretched, miserable and debased—unfits them for the duties of life—destroys their reason—beggars their families—brings disgrace upon their offspring—tramples upon the holy teachings of religion, and finally consigns the soul to everlasting despair. Oh! who would desire to be its victim?

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—We are in the freqnent receipt of letters and remitances, and as we have not time to acknowledge them by letter, we shall continue to do so through our paper.

I. F. Terrill—What shall we say to you? Again we are under obligations to you, and we can only repeat our thanks.

B. F. Everson—We feel very grateful for the aid you have rendered us. You are remembered with pleasure. We have not forgotten the fourth of July dinner.

Herman Camp, Esq.—We would return our thanks for your donation, and we will endeavor to profit by your remarks.

Mrs. E. L. Robbins, Utica—Your remittance came safe to hand, and the papers have been sent as directed. We hope the "daughters," in your city, will send us an account of their doings from time to time—we will give place to them with pleasure.

A. M. Hammond—One of our first and best friends in this new enterprise. We hope we may some day have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance.

Woman's Wrongs.

The Cayuga Chief has the following truthful remarks upon the cruel wrongs intemperance has inflicted upon woman.

"WOMAN" has a right to speak here. She has done much to elevate and purify the character of man—to alleviate his miseries and to lighten his sorrows. She has rocked his cradle and watched over him in infancy, cheered him in his manhood, lingered around his couch and bedewed his grave. How has she been requited? The young wife has wept over the ruin of her earliest choice, clung devotedly to a blasted thing and died broken-hearted. The mother has seen the children she loved wrenched from her embrace and blackened with crime or hurried to untimely graves. Though the sphere of woman is more quiet in its orbit than the more fiery one of the other sex, it exercises a more than equal share in harmonizing the existence of man. Our social and domestic circle would be dark without her. Her empire is at home. As she sways this, she sways the world. That home has been the field around which has gathered the fiend-legions of Intemperance. Here its desolations have been the most cruel and bitter. Here its darkest victories have been won and the wreck of woman's happiness and peace borne off as trophies—the weary and heart-sick watcher of the midnight hour—the bereaved widow—the early orphan. Woman feels most keenly the curse of the liquor traffic. There let woman speak. We have ever been proud of her countenance and support on the temperance question. We need her influence now—shall ever. We welcome the LILY to the field."

WINTER.—Winter has its pleasures. It is the season for family reunions, for happy greetings, and innocent recreations. To the husbandman it is a season of comparative relaxation from toil, and to all classes in its long evenings it affords an opportunity for mental culture which none should suffer to pass unimproved.

Winter has also its sufferings. To the family of the inebriate it is a season of fearful misery, want, and destitution. Without food, raiment, or fuel, how many of the unhappy victims of intemperance, pass the season amidst suffering which should make humanity weep.

Forget not then the poor, as the wintry blasts come howling past, but strive to alleviate their sufferings.

Our Table.

THE PLEDGE OF HONOR, is the title of a paper published semi-monthly, at Adrian, Mich., for one dollar per annum. It is edited by A. M. Baker and Mrs. E. Maria Sheldon, and is devoted to the advancement of temperance. In size this little sheet is a twin sister of our own, and if we can make ours equal in point of merit, we shall be satisfied.

THE GENESEE OLIO.—This paper comes to us greatly improved by its altered form. It is now a good sized quarto sheet, and is conducted with much ability. It is published semi-monthly, at Rochester—price one dollar per annum.

THE STAR OF TEMPERANCE, makes its appearance in a new dress. We think this a little the best temperance paper in this section; at any rate it has long been a favorite of ours. It is published weekly at Rochester, and edited by Samuel Chipman, who is well known as an efficient laborer in the great cause of temperance. Price one dollar per annum.

THE CAYUGA CHIEF.—We like this spirited temperance paper, and admire the boldness and daring of its editor, T. W. Brown, formerly editor of the Temperance Star. Those who were acquainted with his doings *then* may know what to expect of him *now*.

The "Chief" is a valiant warrior, and will not be driven from his war path by friend or foe. He is on the trail of the tyrant Alcohol, and woe be to him if an arrow from *his* quiver shall reach its mark. He has promised that ere another moon he would turn from the war path, and stop "at the lodge of the Lily of the Senecas, and eat of her venison." We hope the Seneca 'braves' will welcome his approach, and be prepared to do honor to their guest.

☞ We see by the Star of Temperance, that the distinguished temperance lecturer, JOHN B. GOUGH, is to pass through here on his way to Rochester, about the 20th of this month. He will be in Auburn on the 17th and 19th. We presume that many from our place will go there to hear him, as he does not stop here.

☞ We see it stated that 15,000 citizens of New York have petitioned the Common Council to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks on Sunday. The object is praiseworthy, but we could wish that an equal number had petitioned for its entire prohibition.

For the Lily.

A Chapter on Young Men.

LADIES:—As it is expected of me that I should contribute my share to fill up the columns of the Lily, I must nibble my pen and stir up my brains, so that I may if possible, place my thoughts upon paper in readable shape. But ah me! what shall I choose for a subject? What say you to a chapter on young men? You know that they are always foremost in the thoughts of us young ladies, and engage a good share of the attention of us all. I say all, of course I mean we that are unmarried. I suppose that you who have got your heads into the noose, and have settled down for life, think us young ladies very silly for wishing to be caught in the same trap. But it is very natural for us to follow the example of those who have gone before

us, in this matter, and we shall like them probably learn wisdom by experience. But to my subject.

Now I am with the rest of my sex very fond of the society of gentlemen, and I have great respect for their pretensions to being superior beings to ourselves. But at the same time, I am not blind to their imperfections; and while they have so much evil mixed up with the good of their nature, I am not willing to acknowledge their right to the claim of superiority. The man possessed of good moral character and fixed, unwavering principles of right I can admire, and if permitted, could *love*. But these butterfly beaux, who one moment bask in our smiles, filling our ears with flattery, extolling our virtues, and making us equal with the angels, and then leave us for the society of the dissolute and depraved I cannot tolerate. If they think us pure and lovely, why do they not make themselves fit associates for us? If they admire goodness in us, why do they not set us an example by practicing that virtue themselves? Why do these "lords of creation" the moment they enter our presence, assume the character of triflers, and flatterers? Do they think that we can appreciate nothing but nonsense, or are they capable of nothing better themselves? How then are they superior? If they are indeed more excellent than we, they should act towards us a nobler part. They should strive to cultivate in us a taste for the more refined, and intellectual enjoyments. They should endeavor to raise us to their own standard of perfection, instead of keeping us down to the level of the narrow minded and frivolous.

Where then, I ask, shall we look for their boasted superiority? In what does it consist? Alas, what should we be, if we should follow in the path of these would be "lords of creation!"—Licentiousness, gambling, profanity, and intemperance, are among the qualifications which belong to many of them; and yet they enter our presence with bold faces, and innocent looks, and claim to be admirers of virtue and purity!

And if we can withstand all these temptations, which make victims of so many of the sterner sex, are we not in reality, the superiors? Should we not look with *pity* upon such *frail, weak-minded* specimens of humanity?

How long shall these things be tolerated? How long shall we continue to smile upon the libertine—the inebriate—the depraved—the vile? Not till we take high ground against such immoralities, and teach man that if he wishes our society, he must be worthy of it, can we hope for any reform in this respect. I would that the ladies might be brought to reflect seriously upon this subject, and to act as their better judgment tells them is right.

But I have already wearied you with my complaints, and so will spare you for this time. Hoping that you will be successful in your undertaking, and that the Lily may be the means of doing much good,

I remain,

Truly Yours,

CORA LESLIE.

For the Lily.

WATERLOO, Feb., 1849.

LADIES:—I much approve of your remarks in the last number of the Lily, on the impropriety and danger of ladies serving wine to the gentlemen who call on them. When I see or hear of a lady's offering alcoholic poison to gentlemen, it recalls to my mind the scene in the garden of Eden many thousand years ago. Eve turned tempter, and Adam had not moral courage to resist. He ate of the forbidden fruit when offered by her, and great was his punishment. Even so is it still. Woman offers the poisoning bowl—"weak minded" man has not moral courage enough, or principle enough to refuse so charming a tempter. He drinks—he falls. Adam said, when required of by his Maker—the woman whom thou gavest me, she tempted me, and I did eat. There are many men now who may—who do, give the same reason for their wrong doing in partaking of the forbidden drink. The woman whom I love, she tempted me, I drank—and *fell*.

I pity the man who will suffer himself to be led captive by so vile a creature as alcohol, but I have a feeling nearer akin to loathing, and disgust, for the woman who can thus lead him on to ruin.

And must it ever be so? Shall woman ever be the same seductive charm, that she was in her earliest existence? Let it not be so! If man is thus weak, and easily tempted, let it be woman's part to lend strength to his weakness, and instead of leading him on in the dark road to ruin, let her rather guide his footsteps into the paths of virtue and sobriety, and show him by her own life of purity, an example worthy of imitation.

I am glad to hear you speak out on this subject, and I hope that good may result from it, and that the time will soon come when there cannot be a lady found who will provide intoxicating drinks as refreshment for her friends. If men *must* have the poison—if they *will* so degrade and debase themselves, let the guilt rest upon themselves, and woman wash her hands from blame.

Truly Yours, F. H. M.

For the Lily.

The way to be Temperate, and the reason why the Cause does not succeed better.

Temperance is one of the great cardinal virtues of the Gospel; which as the mandate of God, as the conditional requirement of the positive precept of the gospel, must be learned and obeyed, followed and practiced, lived up to, and carried out, in the fulness of its letter, not only to reap and enjoy its benefits but meet with the approbation of God.

No christian, no moralist, no father, no husband, no brother, can carry out and exercise these endearing ties of relation, tenderness and affection in all the sympathy and feeling arising therefrom, as the spontaneous effusions of love, who is not strictly temperate, and wholly abstains from the intoxicating beverage and poison, however moderately used; because forsooth, this, like all other sins of transgression, by practice becomes habitual; and because the example is pernicious in its influence on the rising generation. The way therefore to be temperate is in total abstinence, and nothing short. Yes, the only way to be temperate and abstain from all appearance of evil, is, as the Apostle says in his catholic address to the Colossians, "touch not, taste not, handle not."

And who does not know, that if moral character is of any importance—if the good opinion and approbation of the world be of any advantage—if example is to be of any effect on community—if the approval and blessings of heaven are to be desired, and sought, and obtained, man must be temperate in all things, and so fulfill the obligations and duties of life, "that passing through the world, he may sow it thick with friendships;" leaving an example laudable and worthy to be copied after; "standing in his integrity, sublime" an honest christian; to accomplish which he must live soberly, righteously and godly in this present evil world, and do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God.

Intemperance needs no portraying to depict its baneful and evil—its withering and blighting—its degrading and wretched effects; because observation, if not experience, shows us, that of all evils to which human flesh is heir, this is the worst, both in respect to the indulger—his family—the heart-broken wife and beggared children of his once fondest love—the social circle—and ending as it generally does, in degradation and the drunkard's grave.

But there are other grades of intemperance justly reprehensible. Men may be intemperate in their living and indulging themselves in the works of the flesh—intemperate in their language—intemperate in their actions—intemperate even in temperance itself, in the measures and means often resorted to, instead of moral-persuasiveness—because such in the disposition, constitution, temperament and nature of man, that to work upon his better feelings, and induce him to a right course of conduct, you must reason with him, and make use of moral-suasion in all the force and plausibility of its argumentative powers, equity, justice and beneficial results, if you hope to succeed. For man will not be driven, but you may lead and turn him by "suasion" whithersoever you will; which as a ship tossed by the angry waves of the sea, by its helm is turned whithersoever the governor listeth.

This is not the main reason, though perhaps it may be accounted one, why the cause of temperance does not progress better than it does; but because its friends depend too much upon human means and human efforts, without seeking and looking more for the help of Omnipotence; the aid, and grace, and influence, and direction, and assistance, and sanctification, of the Holy Spirit, to bless and prosper the great end sought.

Every purpose, object, and end to be desired, must depend upon divine grace; because what is not approved of, and has not the sanction of God cannot succeed to any good or lasting effect.—Therefore the means put forth for the formation of the cause of temperance, should have the approval of heaven, as it is the cause of God, and if human efforts coincide with the teachings of the gospel, the blessing will follow. Hence it is that I would bid the "Lily" God speed, as speaking through its pages and efforts by "woman's voice" in moral suasion to the reason and consciences of the Rumseller, and the Inebriate, in promoting the great cause of temperance,

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GOOD LAWS.—It is the duty of the Legislature to pass good laws, and the people to obey them. May the time speedily come when this sentiment shall become universal. Then may we hope to see the rum shops closed, and their victims set free.

Written for the Lily.

The Funeral Bell.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE TOLLING OF A BELL AT THE FUNERAL OF A FRIEND.

The tolling, Funeral Bell
Strikes deeper sorrow's dart,
Makes grief's lone bosom swell,
And breaks the stricken heart.
While, over all,
Who anguish knows,
A gloom it throws,
Like death's dark pall.

It strikes in hearts bereaved,
A chord, perhaps, unstrung,
And now, anew is grieved,
With bitter anguish stung,
And sadly weeps,
For loved ones gone,
To their long home,
Where sorrow sleeps.

Its slow and solemn voice,
Wakes memory from her sleep,
And bids her not rejoice,
But for herself to weep
With tears that fall,
In mercy's sight,
As dews of night,
At day's recall.

The loud, yet mournful sound,
That rings out from yon bell,
But tells to all around,
That none securely dwell,
From death secure,
'Till Christ shall come,
And take us home,
To die no more.

Jan., 1849. ANON.

The Lilies and the Bees.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

Let the water-lily hold
Fragrant drops of glowing gold,
In its tiny, silver cup,
Lifting sweetest nectar up
Above its green and leafy tippet,
For buzzing, tipling bees to sip at.

Let them load themselves with sweets,
Take them to their waxen streets,
They will never starve the hive—
Turn bees out of home alive,
Nor sting themselves, whilst they are drinking,
Nor come home late, when stars are blinking.

Lilies of the field and flood,
Give the busy bees their food;
They unsheath no venomed stings,
At their cups, but spread their wings
Where lilies blow, and hum their ditty,
Then fly back to their golden city.

Oh, that men were wise as bees,
Drinking dew from cups like these;
For the lily cups contain
Naught but honey, dew, and rain;
Each lily holds above its tippet,
A bowl of drops for bees to sip at.

CUT HIS THROAT.—Henry Rhienerker was found dead in his bed on the 13th inst., in Twentieth street, with his throat cut, and a razor clenched fast in his hand. He was very intemperate and did not live with his family.—[N. Y. Organ.

The Two Pledges—A Temperance Story.

On the shore of the beautiful Horicon, now known as Lake George, in the eastern part of N. Y., there lived a few years ago, a Clergyman.—His happy family of five daughters, and a darling son—a boy of more than ordinary promise, were growing up, under the influence and instructions of parents, such as few children could boast.—Happy among themselves, with their home amidst the most beautiful scenery in Nature, life seemed to them a bright and glad reality. But occasionally, a shade of anxiety might have been detected on the usually calm brows of both Father and Mother.

The time at which my story commences, was before the days of Temperance. It was when every family kept a supply of Ardent Spirits constantly on hand; and children were accustomed to tase the dangerous beverage daily. So it was in this family. The little "Dennie," accustomed *every morning* to his glass of bitters, and to a *treat* every time a friend called upon the family during the day, soon began to show a decided fondness for the intoxicating drink, and sought for more frequent occasions to gratify his taste. His parents saw his growing appetite with alarm, and often admonished him, but with little effect: his appetite increased, and more than once they had the mortification of seeing their promising boy, in a state of evident *intoxication*. Various were the remedies they tried, but with little good; and they could only hope that time and his own good sense, would at length enable him to control the habit that threatened to ruin him. But an event occurred which blasted every hope, and they saw nothing before their child but a drunkard's life and a drunkard's grave.

One morning little Dennie came running in with the eager inquiry,—"Mother, Mr. Smith is going to have a raising this afternoon, and James has invited me. May I go?" "My son, if your father thinks it best, you may go," his mother replied. His father's consent was readily obtained; and after dinner he started off full of happy anticipations. Arrived at the place, his attention was occupied for a time in the erection of the building; too soon, however, he discovered a keg on the premises which his ready genius quickly told him contained his favorite beverage. Without a moment's hesitation he asked for a drink—it was given him; he asked for another, and then another, and before the afternoon was half gone, "Dennie" was *dead drunk*; and the workmen had laid him on a board under a tree. About 4 o'clock his father called to accompany him home; not seeing him about, he eagerly inquired for his child; they pointed him to the place where he lay. With a heart full of sorrow he carried him home to his mother and sisters. Together his parents watched by his bed during the tedious night that followed, not knowing but the dreadful stupor would result in his death but fully resolved if he lived, not to leave untried, any effort that might promise to save him. It was not until the evening of the second day that he was restored to perfect consciousness. His parents thought it best not to speak to him of the *cause* of his illness for some days, hoping his own reflections would do him much more good; but in this they were disappointed—he did not exhibit the first symptom of remorse, or consciousness that he had done wrong.

About a week after the event just related, his father invited him one pleasant morning to take a walk. Their road lay along the shore of the lake, and was lined with stately trees on either side.—For a time they walked on in silence. His father was unusually grave; and Dennie found enough in the different objects that met his view, to occupy his attention. At length they stopped by the side of the water. His father first broke the silence. "Dennie," said he, "do you know what it was that made you sick the other day?" "Why, I suppose I drank too much rum," he artlessly replied. "Well, my son, do you know that I think you are in danger of becoming a drunkard?" "Why, father, I know you tell me so, but I am not afraid of it. You drink rum every day, and you are not a drunkard; and when I get old enough to know how much it will do for me to drink, then I can keep from being drunk, too." They seated themselves on a rock near the shore, and most faithfully did his father speak of the evils of intemperance; then taking a small gold watch from his pocket, which Dennie had long desired to call his own, he said, "Dennie, if you will promise me that you will never drink any more rum, I will give you this gold watch. Will you do it?" Rising from his seat and looking his father full in the face, he replied, "Father, if it is wrong for me to drink rum, I *scorn* to be *hired not to drink it*. But I will tell you, sir, what I *will* do. If it is wrong for me to drink, it is wrong for you; if you will stop drinking, I will." Had a flash of lightning burst from the cloudless sky above them, his father would not have been more startled. "How could he preach or perform the laborious duties of a pastor without his daily glass of bitters? How could he get up in a cold winter's night and go to pray by the bed of some dying parishioner, without a glass of something to prevent his taking cold? How could he attend the various ecclesiastical meetings of the Church without something to help him bear the fatigues of the journey?"—were thoughts that passed with lightning rapidity through his mind. The sacrifice was indeed great, but the welfare of his child demanded it. And summoning all his resolution, with a faltering voice he replied,—"*I will do it, my son.*" And thus they pledged themselves to *Total Abstinence* there. The lake, the trees, and the pure blue sky, being their only witness, save only that Holy Being who is everywhere. As they retraced their steps, his father, taking the little watch from his pocket, gave it to Dennie, and said,—"My son, you have long wished that I would give you this watch. It is now yours as long as you keep your promise. Should that ever be broken, I shall expect you to return it to me;—'till then let it be a token to you of this promise *we* have now made."

Years have passed; that same little 'Dennie' is now a distinguished Clergyman in one of our most populous Western Cities. Four bright little boys call him Father. That same little gold watch decorates his parlor wall, and often does he point to it and tell of his danger and his escape from the whirlpool of INTEMPERANCE. ELEANOR.

Rosanna Devine was convicted of stealing a gold watch from John Faley. When arrested she was drunk.

Temperance House,
AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no efforts will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 22, 1849.

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